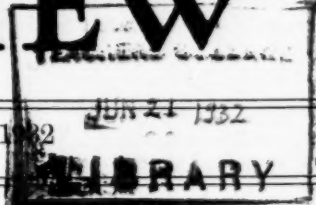


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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE political world was considerably startled when it became known early in the week that Mr. de Valera had invited the British Government to discuss the question of the Oath and the Irish Annuities. Mr. Thomas and Lord Hailsham at once went to Dublin for a preliminary conversation, and Mr. de Valera is returning their visit in London for a further talk, or talks, with the Cabinet in Downing Street, during the week-end.

Mr. de Valera

The position looked more hopeful to the outside world than to those who remembered previous negotiations. When anybody else in the world asks for a conference in order to negotiate agreement, it means that some concession is in mind, and that some form of give-and-take, whether fair

or unfair, might form at least a suggestion for a solution. In the case of Mr. de Valera this does not necessarily follow at all.

* * *

His mind is simply not made that way, and it would be unwise to look for any solution of the two major difficulties which he has himself created from his visit to London. With the first of these—the Oath—Mr. Jebb deals at length on another page; as to the second—the Irish Annuities—the position is perfectly clear.

The Irish Annuities

The matter of the Annuities may be briefly stated. The twenty years of Irish Land legislation from 1882 to 1903 would make a long and complicated story, but the short point is simple enough.

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In Irish Land Bills prior to the Wyndham Act of 1903 the vendors received payment in stock; the Wyndham Act, on the contrary, provides that the vendors should be paid in cash. The Act is based on voluntary bargains between landlords and tenants—the purchase money being advanced by the State, the purchasing tenant repaying the purchase money by annual payments of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the transaction to be completed in $68\frac{1}{2}$ years—that is to say, not until 1971.

* * *

When the Irish Free State was formed the transaction was only one-third completed, and it was agreed that the Irish Land Purchase annuities should be paid through the British Government to the stockholders. Payments under this head have been made continuously and regularly since 1923.

* * *

In the formal agreement of March 19th, 1926, between the Chancellors of the Exchequer for Great Britain and Irish Free State, it is stated that "The Government of the Irish Free State undertake to pay to the British Government at agreed intervals the full amount of the annuities accruing due from time to time under the Irish Land Purchase Acts without any deduction whatsoever, whether on account of income-tax or otherwise."

* * *

It is this solemn and explicit agreement that Mr. de Valera now proposes to supersede. If an agreement like this can be broken, there is an end of public faith and public contract.

Lausanne

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald (now happily restored to reasonably good health again) is off to Lausanne for the resumed Disarmament Conference, which so singularly fails to disarm Europe. The omens are not propitious, for the new French Cabinet, though ready to pay allegiance to the almost forgotten Kellogg Pact, has naturally had to place security in the forefront of its programme; while the whole trend of German public opinion is towards re-armament rather than disarmament.

* * *

The papers have been full of the probable supersession of Von Papen by Hitler, and of the possible supersession of Hitler by the Crown Prince as the head of a restored Prussia, if not of a restored German Empire. Which if any of these events occurs in the future would be in effect a personal accident of the situation; the fundamental point is that Germany is now definitely Nationalist and not Communist.

* * *

This means, as close observers of the country have always held, that the German character remains true to type, that the ordinary Michel in town and country remains, as of old, a good patriot, anxious to be led rather than to lead, and on the whole a royalist rather than a republican. Whatever representative Germany sends to Lausanne will no doubt reflect this point of view.

The Disarmament Week held in various parts of England—presumably as some sort of propaganda for Lausanne—did not seem strikingly successful. The sermons in the churches were, no doubt, as good, and as permanent in their effect, as sermons generally are; but placards exhorting us to "Fight Battleships with Friendships," and similar plays upon words, can have had little effect. The open-air meetings were poorly attended, but for that the British climate and not the speakers or the subject, must presumably be blamed.

Depression Deepens

Both for Capital and Labour it has been a gloomy and unhappy week. In the first place, the unemployment figures are up; and neither the excuse that this is seasonal nor the excuse that this is local will avail. The period under review is affected neither by winter frost nor summer holidays; therefore it will not do to blame the weather. Further, analysis of the figures county by county, shows that the change for the worse affects areas in the north, east, south and west; therefore it will not do to blame particular areas.

* * *

So much for Labour; its mother-in-law, Capital, has received another shock in the news of a revolution in Chile, a reconstruction of that country on the Socialist basis of State-controlled banks, punitive taxation and anti-clericalism as a makeweight. What, if any, the sins of the Church may be in Chile we do not know, but the real trouble of the country is the falling off in the nitrate trade. The idea that this can be remedied by increased taxation is pathetic folly.

Tariffs and Over-Production

Meanwhile, the Economic Committee of the League of Nations continues its ineffective labours. It has just issued a report in which it points out that world trade has shrunk by £3,200,000,000, or more than half the total amount, in the first month of 1932, compared with the same period in 1929, and this shrinkage is ascribed to tariffs.

* * *

The figures could no doubt be challenged on the ground that the general fall in wholesale prices by 40 per cent. in the period under review accounts for a great deal of the statistical fall. But that is not the major point on which the argument goes astray.

* * *

The assumption that tariffs are the root of all evil is an obstinate and apparently ineradicable disease that persists among academic economists (who ought to know better) and academic politicians (who are probably incapable of learning better). The practical man makes short work of any such argument; he knows by experience that tariffs are not so much a cause as a consequence.

What actually are the facts? The world is not suffering from a scarcity but from a surplus of goods; it is producing more than it can, or at any rate, than it does consume. Hence falling prices, passed dividends, and under-employment both of capital and labour.

Against that disease, which is world-wide (or so nearly world-wide as makes no difference) tariffs are a local remedy or palliative. They secure, or attempt to secure, the home market against being flooded by foreign goods. To some extent they succeed, and therefore to that extent they may hamper export trade.

But they have failed to arrest the falling price-level, and therefore it is clear that there are local surpluses as well as a general world-surplus. In these circumstances, since we cannot all live by taking in each other's washing, it is evident that the root of the world's economic troubles go down a good deal deeper than the tariff walls of post-war Europe and America.

Arms and the Man

Mr. Ernest Bevin has given the frank answer to the Oxford professors demanding to hear from the humble docker why he is shipping British-made munitions to China. Mr. Bevin grimly says, Bread comes first. And the same reply meets the case of the Sheffield armament worker. Most of the paid for propaganda to England to stop exports of guns to China comes from foreign armament firms, waiting to add our lapsed contracts to their own.

The Maltese Mystery

There seems to be something odd about the political position in Malta, and it is time that it was cleared up. Two or three weeks ago the Governor, Lord Strickland, a Roman Catholic, who has been at loggerheads with the Roman Catholic hierarchy on the island for years, suddenly apologised to the Bishops with what appeared to be somewhat excessive humility.

It has since been rumoured that he is to go to Rome to express contrition in person at the feet of the Pope; and that he has been warned that the least act contrary to the interests of the Church will involve him in the full penalty of excommunication. This suggestion, which is rather too reminiscent of Canossa for the ordinary British palate, has now been denied.

What Lord Strickland does as an individual is, of course, his own affair; and though we should regret to hear that he had come under the ban of his Church, that would again be his own affair if

he were a private citizen. But in fact he is the King's representative, and as such it is to be assumed that he can do no wrong.

If then his original opposition to the Maltese Bishops was mistaken he should have resigned his office before he prostrated himself. If he was in the right he should not have reversed his course. As it is, he seems to have challenged a theocracy, to have lost the day, and retained his post. This is not a dignified position, and whatever the explanation may be, it can hardly be justified.

A Too Modest Ambassador

One Capone does not counterbalance millions of loyal and industrious citizens of whom one never hears.—Mr. A. W. Mellon (The American Ambassador).

The American Ambassador is right in what he says,

We mustn't judge a country in these gangster-ridden days

By concentrating only on the questionable ways
Of a murderous felon.

"A million," he declares, "can counterbalance Al Capone."

His arithmetic is faulty; may we venture on our own?

Who is it counterbalances a million such alone?
The answer's—A. Mellon!

W. HODGSON BURNET.

Jix

There were two great moments in the life of "Jix" (somehow one could never call him Lord Brentford). The first was when he defeated Winston Churchill in a Manchester bye-election in 1908; the second was when he defeated the Bishops by helping to persuade the House of Commons to reject the Revised Prayer Book in 1927.

When Joynson-Hicks (as he then was) first began his campaign against the new Prayer Book, most of his colleagues and contemporaries regarded it as a forlorn hope. His own chief, Mr. Baldwin, was for the Book; so were most of the clergy; the laity seemed acquiescent and the political dissenters indifferent.

But within a few months the sleeping Protestants were aroused and indignant; the Bishops persuaded the Lords but they could not influence the Commons; and the excellent Jix, who six months before had opened his campaign in the spirit of *Athanasius contra mundum*, found that he had beaten his own Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Hugh Cecil, and the majority of the Bishops. It was a spectacular triumph, and Jix enjoyed it all the more from the fact that his opposition to the Revised Book was obviously sincere.

The Stiffkey Case

The evidence in the Stiffkey case has now been concluded, the final speeches have been delivered, and the Chancellor of the Court has retired into the country to prepare—with very leisurely consideration—his judgment. Whether the rector is guilty or not of the charges brought against him is, of course, the matter of such judgment; but from chance conversations heard and overheard in clubs and trains it is clear that ordinary men and women are rather considerably exercised in mind as to the operation of the ecclesiastical courts.

It is being said that the Church Court has taken weeks over a case where a Civil Court would take days, and this is true. On the other hand, it has to be remembered that offences against morals (such as are alleged in the Stiffkey case) are more difficult to investigate than offences against the civil or criminal law, and that what is in effect a court of morals has to take into account circumstances that are no concern of the ordinary courts.

All that is true enough, but good Churchmen are frankly expressing the opinion that the time has come for the Church to overhaul either its disciplinary methods or its procedure, and that either the Bishops or an *ad hoc* committee of the Church Assembly should look into the possibility of reform at a convenient opportunity. The fact that cases of this kind are so rare is no doubt a reason why this has not been done already, but that is no reason why the problem should not be tackled in the near future. Neither Church nor State has acquired a new halo in these two months.

Women and Mathematics

The University of Jena has discovered, and dared to publish to the world, a defect of the feminine mind. It appears that while women are creditable performers in history and literature, art and music, they fail generally at mathematics, and even descend to subterfuge in order to shirk examinations in geometry and algebra.

But it will occur to most people that there is just as likely to be a defect in the pedagogic as in the feminine mind. The number of men who approach the higher mathematics with enthusiasm is, after all, limited; and it may be that women avoid mathematics for the simple reason that in the careers open to them in Germany other subjects in the curriculum are more practically useful.

The Post Office Sunday

If the telephone service regards Sunday as a day of rest it ought to say so, instead of promising services that it does not perform. A case has been brought to our notice in which an urgent trunk call was put through from Harrogate to a London number at nine o'clock on a Sunday morning. The London number was reported as being "out of

order"—which it was not, as more than one call was made by and to that same number on that same morning.

The story, however, does not end there. When the Harrogate subscriber found the London call impracticable, a telegram was sent; but although the Post Office undertakes to telephone telegrams to subscribers, in this case it was Sunday morning, and two hours elapsed between the despatch and arrival of the wire—one at least of which was wasted between the local office and the house to which it was addressed. The Post Office seems to take rather too literally the injunction to do no manner of work on the Sabbath.

A National Theatre

Everyone to whom the drama means something more than an after dinner digestive will sympathise with the plucky fight that Miss Nancy Price is putting up to keep alive the People's National Theatre. The aim of this movement, which is housed at the Duchess, is to give playgoers the best of the drama, ancient and modern, British and foreign, and, in general, to do what the commercial stage does not. Artistically, the venture has been a success, but play production is an expensive business, even when, as in this instance, it is possible to obtain the co-operation of "star" players who are content to take something very much less than star salaries. It will be to the shame of London if it does not provide the necessary support.

Atlantic Flying

The loss of another airman's life on a trans-Atlantic flight recalls a comment recently made at Lloyd's; that at a reasonable computation it costs the great shipping companies £50,000 in extra fuel, demurrage charges, etc., searching round for a presumed missing airman in a water-logged plane. In these times this is a burden that few desire, yet failure to order a search by vessels in the alleged vicinity would mean protests on both sides of the water.

An Unpleasant Trade

Before the War Englishmen in Paris were wont to pat themselves on the back when they saw the "megotier" at work on a Cafe terrace. "Things like this don't happen at home." The "megotier" it should be said, was a very dirty old man armed with a sack and a spiked stick, who collected cigar and cigarette stumps, prised out their tobacco, and sold it at one of the East End markets.

The London "megotier" may now be seen any day. He is engaged in his unpleasant trade of sorting out the tobacco between Maiden Lane and the Strand and one wonders with a shudder where he sells his wares. His unhygienic appearance suggest that the Chancellor must really have overdone the duty on tobacco.

THE IRISH OATH

By Richard Jebb

IN the latest phase of the eternal Irish question it is intelligible enough that the Government should prefer to take their stand, for the present, upon the bilateral "treaty" of 1921 rather than the more fundamental issue of allegiance which concerns the whole Commonwealth. But in reality the treaty argument is secondary, besides being weak in itself, and the fundamental issue cannot be evaded much longer.

Mr. De Valera declares that the Oath Bill does not mean severance from the Commonwealth. With every desire to understand his argument, I do not see how the Bill could mean anything else. Clearly his objection is not to oaths as such—this method of pledge being well established in Roman Catholic usage—but to the content of the particular oath. The latter includes the undertaking to "be faithful to King George V. his heirs and successors by law, in virtue of" (1) "the common citizenship of Ireland with Great Britain and" (2) "her adherence to and membership of the group of nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations." Mr. De Valera would like to get rid of the first, without immediate prejudice to the second. But it is impossible to separate them. The "common citizenship" is derived from the "common allegiance to the Crown," by which alone these Nations are now "united," according to the Balfour formula of 1926, afterwards transferred into the preamble to the Statute of Westminster. Both expressions refer to the "common status," of British subjects throughout the world, which the Imperial Conference throughout has been most careful to safeguard. This common status is repudiated by repudiating the Oath which was expressly designed to be the formal acknowledgment of it. Therefore the Oath Bill, if made law, will be an act of secession.

It is this common status of individual citizens that differentiates the relationship between the Britannic States from that subsisting between States which, however closely associated with each other, are bound by contract only, or which have a common monarchy without a common citizenship. Of the latter situation a certain example exists in the Native States of India, which are not technically British though their rulers acknowledge the King's suzerainty. Has this difficulty in the way of Indian federation yet been faced? In any case suzerainty would hardly suit Ireland.

Several misconceptions have appeared. The question of "equality," so dear to Mr. De Valera, does not arise. The British Parliament can only interfere by virtue of the "treaty," which has no modern counterpart in other Dominions and was at the time a virtual recognition of the rebels' independent power to make it. Mr. De Valera argues that if the Parliament of any other Dominion, or Britain herself, might pass such a Bill, it must equally be within the competence of the Dail. No doubt. But it can only be a revolutionary proceeding, despite the recently agreed rule that the King "constitutionally" can

accept only the advice of his Dominion Ministers as regards assenting to a Bill passed in a Dominion. Clearly no such measure ought to be passed at all by legislators who severally have taken the oath in order to get their seats—nor signed offhand by a viceroy who himself owes loyalty to the King he represents in person.

Again, there is really no question of Britain making any counter move to "drive out" the Free State. If the Bill becomes law the Free State will have taken itself out by its own act. It would then remain for Britain to decide whether to accept the *fait accompli* and proceed with the purely consequential adjustments, or try to enforce the 1921 "treaty," which was devised especially to protect the Southern loyalist minority. But such minorities have always had to suffer—in the revolted American States, for example, and in distracted South Africa within our own times. It is impossible really to safeguard them without armed intervention and permanent occupation. Those determined to remain British subjects leave the country.

To a lifelong advocate of the Britannic Commonwealth it is something of a shock to find himself welcoming a prospect of secession. But facts must be faced. Preference came too late to prevent the Irish demand for Dominion status. Things have now reached a pass where the Commonwealth would be better off without Southern Ireland. Of the three parties in Dublin, none defends the allegiance or common citizenship; they only differ about how it should be got rid of. The Free State was, and is, the child of primitive tribalism, which there, as in the Balkans, has obscured and discredited the power for good of multi-racial nationalism, such as made England and, in the teeth of tribalism, may yet unify Canada and South Africa.

In the Free State all emblems of the Crown or common citizenship have been suppressed: and the Imperial Conference has been perverted into an agency of separation by the pressure of Dublin Ministers, who have exulted in destroying what the others cherished. The British people are plainly tired of the constant contumely and nagging, and now chicanery. And after all, the Commonwealth must justify itself by advantage to its members, of which each must judge for itself.

Therefore, I would let the Free State go, without any fuss, and accept the test of actual experience. If it prospered better as a republic, other Dominions might follow suit; if it did not, the Commonwealth could only be strengthened by the object lesson. Perhaps within a few years a sadder and wiser republic would be pleading for readmission. But if so, we should have done with "Dominion status," which has split the islands, set together by Providence, with customs barriers, diverse coinages, and other follies. Some day there may again be a United Kingdom, containing in Ireland two provinces with "Ulster Status"—if such a solution would not unduly jeopardise the peace which Westminster has enjoyed since 1922.

GUN DOG AND PEKE

Of Judy and of Ah Wong (*dit* Winkle).

By Guy C. Pollock

"S AM," said Mr. Pickwick—or words to that effect—"take off his skates." And, to the protesting Mr. Winkle, in one shattering word, "Humbug!"

Thus did Ah Wong become Winkle to me, the one slightly irreverent member of her household. Not that names matter at all. Do we not all call all our dogs by any sort of name that comes handy? And then one or other of these names sticks, permanently or for a time. Thus we call Ah Wong (which is rather a mouthful for a Pekinese) Wongie or Winkle or Miss A.P.W. or Winks. Outside the realm of such love-letters as come into court, and the glorious foolishness of real lovers, whatever their age or the endurance of their loving, there can be nothing so ostensibly silly as the endearments of the owned towards the dogs that own them.

I have heard, quite credibly, of a spaniel which works extremely well, although conjured loudly by Master to "bring the pretty pheasant to Daddy." I mean to avoid that form of address where Judy is concerned—when she is concerned, that is, with partridge or pheasant. But there is a restraining influence in the keeper who is now busy with her training.

Have you ever lived for long years without any dog at all? Wasted, empty years, without the mental friend to whom you could pour out your grievance and distress, or unlock the darkness of your soul; without the absolute certainty, in things small or great, of the invariable sympathy; without the heavy head laid in worship on your knee, and the steadfast eye reflecting what is light or heavy on your mind. If you have, then you will know how much two living dogs now mean to us. The dog of all dogs—and she was Judy—was released at the end of the war. *Infandum renovare dolorem*. No black, beautiful retriever, no gun dog at all could ever be like her. A second Judy—black, beautiful, clever, and kind—came from a friend and lived with a friend's keeper. After a time on a grouse moor, where she showed how perfect she might be, she hurled herself to death by falling, on the hot scent of a runner, over a precipice on a Scottish hillside. A London flat, a country cottage edging a main road, offered no enticement to further experiment. Why make any dog unhappy in London, or risk its life under the passing wheels of Juggernaut?

But things are what they will be. And the present Judy, a liver and white spaniel of perfect lineage, came to us. One should not look a gift dog in the mouth, and few could have resisted this three months puppy. Anyhow, we didn't. But Judy was not right. She was quite dumb, apparently brainless, and filled with a strange but obvious distaste for life. She was also suffering from a perverse attack of eczema or mange. So she went to a vet. in the country. She came back less sick of the mange

and became more sick of something else. So a London vet. was summoned: distemper, bronchial pneumonia, an alarming temperature and few hopes of life on the morrow. The pathetic bundle was carried away in blankets and a car. But she pulled through. She even went to the keeper. Then a much more severe attack of eczema came on, and a hairless, patchy, evil-smelling Judy lay miserably about the place. Perhaps, as most of my friends said, we ought to have put her under. But why should she not have the chance of a little happiness? Why should I not have the chance of a perfect gun dog? So off went Judy again. And this time she was really cured. Cured of eczema, but not with any certainty (there can be none) of hysteria, of which she has had two attacks.

Never mind, she is violently happy, absolutely lovely, with a wonderful thick coat of satin, rather fat, very young for her months, the best tempered, most affectionate, most biddable spaniel one could find. She has a remarkably keen nose, and shows signs of retrieving well and tenderly. She is well beloved and the only thing is—shall I have a heart attack on September 1, when it is designed to take Judy and a well-trained old retriever and shoot a few partridges to see how she shapes? She may of course, prove useless on the field—though her parentage rather forbids the idea; she may die of excitement; I may die of anxiety. Anything may happen. Meanwhile there is Judy, and thank God for her.

There is also Ah Wong (*dit* Winkle). She was forced on us while Judy hovered between life and death. A six-months old puppy, of the royal line of China, for whom a good home was wanted—and she sat up and begged for us. When Winkle sits up as, in the grand manner of Pekin, she constantly does—not chiefly for food, but for cows, horses, other dogs, persons and things whose attendance or attention she requires—she turns from side to side, looks down her remarkably laid back nose below the well-marked Robeyish eyebrows that give expression to all her moods, and no living creature can resist her.

Winkle is not obedient. She ignores completely the very meaning of such a word. She loves one only or most chiefly, and that one is The Other, not me. She is of a perfect ugliness and has good points. She snores a great deal. She has a white beard, formed of a single hair, on which particles of food collect. Enormous expense has been incurred, perforce, in wire netting, fences and gates to make the garden safe for Pekingsity, and the whole place fit for Winkles to live in. She serves no useful purpose, and dominates the household, its visitors, and a village. But—well, believe (as I did) that you do not care for tiny dogs, acquire a Peke, and see what comes of it.

Judy and Ah Wong! Liver-and-white and Winkle. And when they play together—

MECHANISED AGRICULTURE

By R. Dudley

TO many of the armchair critics of Agriculture it may come as a surprise to know that England is the third most fertile cereal growing country in the world, its yield per acre being exceeded only by Denmark and Belgium, comparatively small countries, and even then by only a small percentage. It exceeds in fertility the U.S.A. and Canada by 50 per cent., and all other countries by considerable amounts.

This ignorance on the part of the said critics, who unfortunately are among those who direct our destinies, has been one of the great hindrances to the proper understanding of the immense possibilities of Agriculture at all times, and more especially to-day, when our politicians are at their wits' end to know how to frame a policy of recovery and to find a market for our urban industries denied to them by foreign countries.

It must however be said, in fairness to them, that owing to our climate the difficulties and therefore the cost of the various agricultural operations, under the old methods, have militated against a more favourable view of agricultural possibilities.

All this is now changed. With proper mechanisation the speed with which work on the land can be carried out, apart from its low cost, is sufficient to outwit the weather, as the past two wet seasons have proved.

With one man on a good tractor, stubble ploughing can be carried out at the rate of an acre per hour, cross ploughing at 2 to 2½ acres per hour, and an acre of land sown in six minutes. The corresponding times for one man equipped with horses for ploughing would be not more than one acre per day, nor more than one acre per hour for sowing. The cost reduction by mechanisation is about 75 per cent. The importance of speed cannot be over-emphasised in a climate where the number of fine days is limited.

Everyone who has an elementary knowledge of gardening knows that the first thing to be done is to trench the ground, i.e., to break up the subsoil so that, firstly, it will conserve the moisture in a dry time; secondly, allow the percolation of the rainwater in a wet time, and thirdly, provide a firm root hold for the plants which can at the same time search amongst the subsoil for the many minerals necessary for their healthy growth.

This effect cannot be achieved with horses; on the contrary the horse's hoof pads down the plough furrow, and if the land is at all of a clayey nature it forms a semi-imperious stratum which stops the roots going down and after wet they get waterlogged, with detrimental results to the crop.

With comparatively cheap fertilisers, crop after crop can be grown, provided the land is clean, or can be cleaned after harvest. On the Hayling Island farm of Mr. A. H. Brown, to whom every cereal grower is deeply indebted, cereals have been grown continuously for many years by artificials alone, with, as might be expected, a marked in-

crease in the fertility of the soil. The use of the excellent but expensive farmyard manure can be dispensed with, and the humus content maintained by ploughing in a long stubble, or a catch crop if and when the land has to be summer cleaned.

Harvesting operations with the harvester-thresher and grain dryer save enormously in time, money and risk. Within living memory there has never been a harvest when the grain could not be cut; but alas, where the grain after cutting in first class condition has been left in the fields to dry, the tale of loss has been enormous in many wet harvests. Wheat has actually been cut and threshed two hours after an inch of rain has fallen, and when its moisture content was 33 per cent. A few hours later it was dried down to milling quality. In fact it is now possible to bake bread from wheat which was growing the same day.

The cost of drying is small, about 4d. to 6d. per sack, according to moisture. With reasonable care the germination can be improved and the moisture reduced to any desired amount, thus removing the old reproach of English grain being delivered damp and in bad condition.

For pigs, the meal from dried barley will not only keep but can be ground in the mill without overheating which destroys the nourishing properties of the meal.

Sufficiency has now been said to indicate that all the technical difficulties of grain growing can be successfully overcome, but it must be pointed out that the Government levy a heavy tax of 6s. 8d. per acre on arable land through the most efficient fuel that can be used on a mechanised farm.

The question immediately arises: Of what use can these new departures in agriculture be to the country at the present time?

Finance will obviously be wanted, and instead of foreign lending (of which £145 millions has been defaulted upon out of £203 millions in the past ten years) home lending could take its place, given a remunerative price for agricultural produce.

If only half the cultivable land, 7,000,000 acres at £4 per acre, were mechanised, an order could be placed with the depressed engineering and allied industries of £28 millions forthwith.

It has been calculated by various competent authorities that 750,000 men could be absorbed directly and indirectly in food production in this country and the output increased by £200 millions per annum. This is probably an underestimate.

If any foreign country offered such a possibility of a market for industry and agreed to take the labour as well as the capital to develop it, there would be a perfect rush of politicians and financiers to seize the opportunity, but because it is our own country with richer and more fertile soil, and therefore more potential real wealth, than any country in the world, it is neglected and driven to bankruptcy.

NO KICK OUT OF LIFE

By George A. Lyward

CHILDREN are apt to speak the truth, and among the many epithets of the schoolboy is one which gets well home though the speaker scarcely knows what he is saying. "He's a nasty growth, he is." And nasty growth, overhearing, slinks away.

While he is dimly groping after a truth this way, his elders, in their treatment of him, are quite often missing its simplicity. We know that an acorn becomes an oak tree by growing into one. Why can we not trust children to grow, but try to mould them into shape like so many lumps of clay? If the acorn falls short of its "treeness," do we not say, "What a pity! something has happened to spoil it. Look what it has *turned* into?" Yet it is rarely that we say of the short-comings which were meant to be men and women, "he started as a human baby. What has spoilt him and *turned* him back on himself, to be a travesty?" It is so much easier to snub him or oust him or blame and punish him. The word spoilt applied to any material thing draws our attention to that thing, but once it has been applied to a human being the mind is drawn away to the act of spoiling, leaving us blaming the spoilt being. Worse still, spoiling is taken to mean over-petting, although hundreds of children are spoilt daily in hundreds of ways, rendering them powerless, puppets, parasites, nasty growths.

The Reader was surely introduced long ago to two such: Little Miss Muffet, the sour spinster, fleeing at the challenge to live creatively, and Little Jack Horner, who never enjoys his feast but courts soul-sickness by patting himself on the back. Both fail to get a kick out of life, because both have been made afraid before we meet them and have stopped growing up. Perhaps, like Peter Pan, they have muttered, "It must be a very wonderful thing to live," but it is too late, and so they cling to their make-belief like Soames of the Forsyte Saga who was killed by his picture. If Jack gets a plum of a job as the Jack Horner sept so often do, it brings no joy with it; the poor Muffet pictures herself as holy, but her neighbours know her as a holy terror, a little touched. "Touched" or "touchy," it is all one. There has been a tampering and that which has been touched and spoilt was a human child which, growing, would have fulfilled itself. What an expression is this "to handle a child"! "How shall I handle him? He is such a problem."

Q. What is the problem of the problem child?

A. The adult is the problem of the problem child.

They don't know what we are "getting at" half the time, especially the very little ones. And they are so terrifyingly dumb for all their noise. There is no difference between a child's feelings and those of his parents (a matter concerning which children are most uncertain), but values are constantly changing and at no period do we impose a value of ours upon the child without a

risk of separating its feeling and thinking, as it holds on to two conflicting values, its own and ours. How glibly we take this risk.

Let one example suffice. Thrash a child five years old for "telling lies" and you may make for mental confusion with its many sequelae, sounding the prelude to the tragedy inherent in conflicts of loyalties. The confused cannot be courageous and courage is the only virtue.

Little Fanny aged eight is afraid to skip with the other little girls: so she sits in a corner and reads a book—upside down.

Says Nannie, "What a clever little girl."

Fanny has bottled her tears of longing. Fanny goes to Girton and Fanny gets a First. Very beautiful is Fanny but she "hates men." The fact is that he fears them. But she has never faced any of her fears.

At eight she was already the puppet victim of a functional nervous disorder. Who, before Fanny could reason, had robbed her of her courage, leaving her in the world of compensatory make believe?

Here are the actual dreams of such a highbrow. "I saw a small child in a cot. She had cold feet and so I covered them with books": and, "I climbed up the book case in the library and fell over the top into the nursery."

Adventuring must start before thinking or else it is not truly spontaneous. Charles Hamilton Sorley has written about the *ungirl* runners:—

... we run because we like it
Through the broad bright land.

The baby boy is torn between the comfort of Mummy's lap and the provocation of Daddy to come forth. "Shall I go? Yes, No, Yes, No." *Don't spoil your pinafore.* "No." Self-respect seems to have been saved. This is the real way in which conscience makes cowards of us all. Fear is miscalled goodness and in later life our small boy seeks bubble moral reputation, not knowing what he really wants, unhappy till he gets it.

A boy of three, recovering boisterously from a serious illness, was told to "keep quiet" like a good boy. It seems a pity that he kept quiet as he did. "Badness" then might have saved him from Borstal. Is it slovenly to tell nominal adults that they are behaving childishly? Are they not still children camouflaged, bluffing themselves that they have taken mature values to heart as well as to head, out-doing their elders in the idealism or cynicism to which for safety they are compelled to fly, holding on to life by the enamel of their false teeth.

These must perforce live by their wits and they do not experience because they cannot feel. Self-pity has them in thrall. Love-hungry and obstinate, dreading criticism, they arithmetise their algebra for fear of the unknown. Lovers they cannot be for they are dependent, parasitical, nasty, growths.

THE MAGIC ESSENCE

By H. WARNER ALLEN.

IN season and out of season I have written of the amazing medicinal virtues of Tokay Essence, and make no apology for returning to the subject again; for the knowledge of its properties should be broadcast.

The Essence, like the magic Pramnian wine of Homer, is made exclusively from the thick juice which oozes out from grapes ripened until they are almost raisins under their own weight. It is a veritable attar of grapes, and I cannot see how its properties can be accounted for, unless they are due to a unique concentration of vitamins.

Tokay Essence is only made in a good year: it has been made three times since 1900. The grapes, left to ripen and shrivel on the vines till the last moment, are piled in a vat and remain for 24 hours unpressed. The juice that has run from them, representing one two hundred and fiftieth part of that which can be squeezed from them, is alone used for the Essence.

My friend, Mr. C. W. Berry, the author of "Viniana," has just received the following letter from an eminent doctor, which provides further evidence of the elixir-like virtues of Tokay Essence.

"I feel impelled to report to you the effect of the Tokay Essence, which I recently ordered for one of my patients. I can honestly say I have never seen so dramatic a recovery in all my experience as resulted from its use in this case. My patient, who is suffering, I fear, from an inoperable and hopeless intestinal cancer, had reached a comatose condition in which death was hourly expected. She had refused all food for ten days, and was practically beyond human help. As a last resource, and mainly to satisfy the relatives' craving to do something, I suggested the use of this wine, which I had recently read of in a brochure of yours. The effect was staggering.

"After three two-teaspoonful doses, the patient recovered complete consciousness and began demanding food of all kinds. She ate voraciously, and in three or four days was eating bacon and eggs for breakfast, and showing an amazing return of spirits and vitality. She now sits up for all meals, and is taking a keen interest in the redecoration of her house. During this time the only alteration in treatment that has been made is the addition of two teaspoonfuls of Tokay Essence, two or three times a day. I have reported this result to the specialist who saw the case some weeks ago and agreed with me as to the diagnosis; and also to a number of other physicians and surgeons, who are as impressed as I am myself with the phenomenon.

"In view of the nature of the case, I have, of course, no hope of a permanent recovery, but of this I am certain, that my patient would have been dead five weeks ago but for the vitalising effect of this astonishing wine."

FRENCH TENNIS

From our Paris Correspondent.

PARIS boasts the loveliest courts in the world for international lawn tennis, and the charm of the Stade Roland Garros, named after the famous airman, has been enhanced this year by surprises that fully made up for poor weather. Surprises, alas, unpalatable to British pride. Our one success was the victory of Perry and Miss Nuttall in the mixed doubles, which they took convincingly from Wood and Mrs. Wills-Moody.

Miss Nuttall made poor showing against Mme. Mathieu. The latter has gone forward in all departments of the game, save indeed her work overhead. Miss Nuttall, as seen in Paris, stands still. She has the force of her twenty-one buoyant years, but her tactics (for a champion) were as undistinguished as those of Perry, and she made far more and worse mistakes. In the doubles she played much better. Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall unhappily was clean out of form. Another falling off was that of Mrs. Wills-Moody, who, for the first time since her celebrated defeat at Cannes by Mlle. Lenglen, has been hard pressed.

Much of the interest in the tournament, it is no paradox to say, lay in the future. Will France keep the Davis Cup this year? Cochet, for the fifth time champion of France, has recovered his best form, after his illness last year. He was again the incomparable magician of the courts, capable of letting opponents take games and sets from him with nonchalance, only to annihilate them by play more dazzling and easy than any spectator can remember. There seems no reason to think that he can be beaten, at all events in Paris, where he is at his best. Two matches in the Cup final are thus almost in France's pocket. If Brugnon were not approaching the age of a veteran, one would say the same of the doubles, but Brugnon can be tired, and the event is not sure. France's other singles player must be either young Marcel Bernard, whose performance against J. Satoh and the lanky, difficult Rodgers gives him a high place, or Lacoste. Bernard's style is elegance itself, and his keenly-angled backhand drives and volleys stamp him as a champion to come; but he lacks experience, and has not yet his full strength. Cochet, in the ante-final, made mincemeat of him.

What, then, of Lacoste? Is it a case of the old-timer trying to "do a come-back" and, as they always do, failing? I think not. As yet Lacoste has not recovered his true form. Against Wood he was remarkably fine, deliberately drawing out the match, but unmistakably its master. Lee had the luck to find him with a badly blistered foot. Lacoste could only run with difficulty; his footwork was impaired, and with it his ball-control. Yet-Lee, playing the game of his life, only just got home, a very tired man. Had the match gone to the fifth set he must almost certainly have lost. Now Lacoste has six weeks to practise and to get into perfect trim. If he does, France will be safe. On the mystery of Lacoste's form depend our own, and American, hopes of taking the blue riband of the courts.

THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT**ARE SPEED TESTS WORTH WHILE?**

YES, By L. E. W. POMEROY.

HIGH Speed transport has three aspects, political, commercial and economic.

The development of politics, especially the politics of the Imperial Commonwealth, are and will be very largely influenced by the time required to get from one point to another. Rapid transport not only facilitates personal discussions between statesmen of various nations, but also by enabling the ordinary man to make trips for which he could not otherwise spare the time promotes goodwill between widely separated populations.

The economic effect of high speed may be viewed from two aspects. In the first place gains in speed can only be achieved by raising the overall efficiency of the vehicle, by increasing the power obtainable from a given quantity of fuel, by reducing the resistance to motion, *e.g.*, by streamlining on both. Improvements in these directions make very high speeds possible, and at the same time markedly reduce the power required to attain any given speed and thereby reduce running cost at that given speed.

The value of contests in securing the benefits above mentioned is threefold. They provide an incentive. They are in themselves an unimpeachable demonstration and by reason of the financial gains accompanying success they enable experiments to be made which would not otherwise be justifiable.

The published results of tests and trials made by manufacturers themselves are always open to the suspicion that the conditions were favourable or the testing instruments inaccurate; and, in fact, the manufacturer will in fairness to his own product choose the best conditions for test and may without intention of deceit be using an unreliable recording instrument. Speed contests are free from these objections since the conditions are the same for all, and in addition focus the attention of the world on the performance of the machines engaged, so that success is a world wide advertisement of incomparable value.

Because of this it is worth while to undertake costly experimental work, as success in contest brings immediate return, whilst the same results achieved in the ordinary way would not be accepted to the extent of achieving orders for a very considerable time.

Since an ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory it is interesting to note that there are three industries in England which are dominant in international speed contests, aircraft, motor cars and motor cycles. It is surely no coincidence that these three industries increase their export trade steadily every year and even in these depressing times can be said to be prosperous.

Our industrial future depends on the technical merit of our products. Speed contests are no mean aid in both ensuring and demonstrating such merit.

NO, by S. LANE.

THE God of to-day is speed. Rapid motion is at once a prayer, an article of faith, and a hymn of triumph in this new religion, which has forgotten that the race is not always to the swift.

It has its points, this new creed; so, no doubt, has the revelation of Joanna Southcott, now long since forgotten. It is something to travel a hundred miles an hour round and round a circular track instead of fifty miles an hour along the straight; probably no form of human experience is quite without potential value.

But ultimately, of course, speed is neither here nor there. This is not an epigram, still less a paradox; it is simply a statement of fact. It does not matter that we are here, and can be there, to-morrow or the next day; the real point is what we do when we get there. And the truth is that we have now inverted the perspective of life; we are quite content to do nothing worth doing when we arrive, so long as we arrive a few seconds before somebody else.

It is as though the really successful doctor was he who got to the patient first, irrespective of ability to cure the disease. If anybody says that this is a caricature of modern life, let us take another instance. Our great shipping companies have now produced the perfect ship, equipped with engines that travel faster than men have ever travelled through water before. But as the ships have improved, the passenger-list has shrunk; there are plenty of floating palaces, but the monarchs of finance who used to occupy them have abdicated. They have found that there is nothing to do when you get there—except proclaim a moratorium and go home again.

Everybody knows that trains are now faster than ever; yet railway traffic receipts fall week by week, month by month, year by year. The perfect non-stop express will soon run completely empty from starting-point to terminus. On land as at sea the supply of transport has outrun demand; but the quicker you can go, the less you want to go anywhere.

It is the same with flying and the ocean telephone. A man recently flew from London to Capetown in a week—and when he arrived his one reported remark was that he would never do it again, as it was much pleasanter to take double the time to return by sea. As to the telephone, any London editor can ring up the Mayor of New York, or Chicago, or Philadelphia to ask how crime is getting on—whereupon the Mayor politely asks after smash-and-grab raids in London, and rings off.

It is hardly worth while having quick communication with the other side of the world if you can find nothing to see and have nothing to say when you get it.

ALL FOR LOVE

By W. Herbert

M. BALLON, Editor of the *Echo Mondain*, abruptly lost his thread, as he dictated his letters to his pretty secretary. The sudden realisation of his own irresistible charm cut short one of those delightful letters for which he was famed. They always began "mon cher ami" and ended with a blank refusal to accede to the "cher ami's" request, wrapped in the cottonwool of affectionate protestations. He was thinking of his conquest of the most remarkable and perhaps the most beautiful woman in Paris, and what was more, the recognised leader of the aristocracy of the Third Republic, the wife of the Napoleonic Minister of the Interior, Estelle Dulac. For the first time in his life, business and pleasure had coincided—a perfect love affair and a scoop for his paper.

"C'était inouï."

He was rudely awakened from his love dream by the inrush of Etienne Laffaux, his Assistant Editor, a young man with a fluffy yellow beard which somehow made his face more feminine.

"M. Ballon," he stuttered in his excitement, "Madame Dulac is asking for you—to see you alone. Will you receive her?"

The Editor of the *Echo Mondain* gasped. Something over twelve hours before, he had awakened in Estelle's embrace. He had felt for a moment as stupid as he had often felt in similar circumstances. Then he had remembered that his bedfellow was the famous Madame Dulac, the "Ministresse" par excellence, and felt a man again. This not unpleasant episode was to be the preliminary to obtaining the last document which would put the crown on the sensational series which the *Echo Mondain* had been publishing for days past, demonstrating to the world in terms which would in England have cost tens of thousands in libel damages, that the Minister of the Interior was a "crapule," a traitor, a monster of corruption.

"Certainly I will see her."

"Is it wise?" expostulated his assistant. "In these days women are dangerous. Juries never convict. You have been attacking her husband . . ."

"Show her in and leave us alone," said M. Ballon with a fine gesture.

To M. Ballon it seemed that his office flowered with golden passion when Estelle came in with her swift, panther-like grace.

She was taking something out of her bag, no doubt the fatal paper which sealed her husband's ruin, the final proof of her love.

M. Ballon stopped short with a puzzled expression on his fat face. Madame Dulac continued to smile sweetly as with a steady hand she fired half-a-dozen bullets into his vitals. He had not

time to be afraid and fear hurts more than pain. Then she collapsed artistically into the visitor's armchair and screamed as soon as there was anyone to hear her, "I have killed him, the traitor, the enemy of my husband's honour, the devil who maligned the most honourable of men."

* * *

The air was heavy in the Cour d'Assises and passions were running high. "La femme Dulac" was on trial for her life for the murder of Hégésippe Ballon, Editor of the *Echo Mondain*. She had never been more beautiful than when, in discreetly clinging mourning, she stood between two gendarmes, explaining so simply and innocently how she had been swept away by the brutality and injustice of the attacks against her beloved husband, until she really was not responsible for her actions.

True that when she bought the pistol on the morning of the tragedy, she had tried her hand with it on the gunsmith's pistol range and scored a number of bulls and inners. It was quite a different matter when she saw her husband's enemy before her. She was no longer steady-handed. She had no idea where the pistol was pointing. She only wanted to frighten him. She did not even know that she pressed the trigger.

The trial ended with an impassioned appeal by the ex-Minister (he had thought it best to resign) crying to high heaven his love of the wife of his soul who had killed to save his honour, and warning the jury that France had not heard the last of him. A tall fair woman was carried out fainting.

An uneasy jury, feeling that political influence was at work and disliking the idea of condemning a pretty woman to the guillotine, took only a few minutes to decide that, though the accused might have fired half-a-dozen bullets, they were purely incidental.

* * *

The story ends in a sleepy provincial town. Somehow M. Dulac has never returned to power. The will of the most autocratic Minister of the Third Republic is broken. He knows that he can never divorce the wife who killed to save his honour. He comes to heel at the slightest hint. His happiest hours are passed between 9 and 11 p.m., when Estelle permits him to play "manille" with his friends at the café, and when everyone calls him "Monsieur le Ministre," though Minister he will never be again.

Some day, perhaps, M. Dulac will discover that his wife gave Ballon both herself and the papers that ruined his career; for even without Estelle's handiness with the pistol he could hardly have lived down the scandal they produced. Probably the discovery will make no difference.

CONCERNING AMERICA

By H. E. SCARBOROUGH

(of the *New York Herald-Tribune*).

AMERICANS are generally recognised to be a volatile, unstable race. Their universe is a black and white one, without shadows or half-tones. They flash with dizzy rapidity from the heights of optimism to the Slough of Despond. At the moment, if they could find the man who discovered America, they would (as some American has mentioned) try to give it back to him And so on: you can read the rest of it in any newspaper.

All of which reminds me of an incident that occurred when I was a reporter in one of the medium-sized American cities. A farmers' convention was in session, and I was assigned to "cover" it. The convention was held in an old-fashioned hotel, and the agriculturists drank mint juleps in the bar (this was before Prohibition!) and informed each other and anyone else who cared to listen that they were ruined. When they went upstairs to make their speeches they said the same thing, only more so. They said it at such length that at last a policeman came in and told them that their hundreds of motorcars, parked in all the nearby streets, were blocking the traffic: and would they please either adjourn or go and move their cars?

Poor Men's Motor-Cars

The thought of all these ruined farmers having to stop their lamentations for a sufficient length of time to find fresh parking-places for their expensive motorcars struck me as a pathetic one, and I gave it some prominence in my "story." But the farmers were quite annoyed when they read that evening's "News," and some of them complained to the editor that his reporter had totally failed to understand their terrible plight!

Well—there are still some 25,000,000 motorcars registered in the United States.

Probably it is impossible for the people of any one nation to understand those of any other; and perhaps it argues a certain rashness that one who has spent the greater part of the past twelve years outside his own country should thereafter venture to dogmatize concerning it. Yet I cannot help feeling that some of the lamentations over America's impending collapse fall into much the same category as those of the embattled farmers whom I have just mentioned.

The Morning After

One of the most depressing phases of human experience is that which is vulgarly known as "the morning after." And the United States is still in the throes of a gigantic national hangover. It was a wonderful spree while it lasted, but—shall I really live until this evening; and, if so, is it worth it? My head aches, and my tongue feels like a Brussels carpet, and . . . oh, what's the use?

Sometimes over-indulgence in stimulants does prove fatal. Far more often it doesn't: it simply leads to unpleasant after-effects, and, if too frequently repeated, to diets and "going on the wagon." Again the analogy applies. America has not yet learned the lesson of the seasoned toper, who by trial and error has pretty well ascertained his capacity. It is still rather in the stage of the young man who thinks the universe must be disintegrating because that section of it immediately surrounding him is whirling and swaying so ominously.

The unfortunate part of it is that the sobering-up process on a national scale entails much real human misery and suffering. Perhaps it will even prove to have left permanently injurious effects upon the national constitution. But I do not think it will be fatal.

A Senate of Neros

Only a few months ago there was much talk in this country of the foreigner's loss of confidence in England (although, of course, everyone here knew that the country was sound at heart!). To-day it is the turn of America. A whole Senate-full of Neros fiddles while Rome burns; "bigger and better deficits" seems to be the national motto; and we won't permit the chaste minds of our statesmen to be contaminated by the atmosphere of Lausanne, where rude Europeans might want to talk about war-debts and reparations.

Last September I thought (and wrote) that the panic talk about England was overdone. To-day I think that the pessimism as regards America is likewise exaggerated. But, while I believe that America will pull through, I don't think it will ever be quite the same country again. I think (and certainly I hope) that the old concept of a get-rich-quick civilisation, immune from the social and political diseases of the Old World, may be definitely abandoned. Perhaps, since we have not yet been sufficiently intelligent to end the farce of Prohibition, necessity will do it for us.

The End of It All

Perhaps a certain section of our population may be driven to abandon that attitude of moral superiority to the rest of creation which other nations find so insufferable. It may be that out of want, and perhaps even out of the spectre of revolution, we shall develop some better system of caring for our unemployed than by depending upon the uncertainties of private charity (for we still call it charity, rather than social insurance). We are going to have to pay more taxes, and Wall Street will have to stay deflated, and your favourite American stock will be more likely to pay three than thirty per cent., and probably there will be more emigrants leaving the United States than immigrants entering it; and the Bank of England is going to have a hard time holding the pound down to \$3.70 or thereabouts.

But a good many million farmers will keep their motorcars, and even, from time to time, buy new ones.

THEATRE

By Gilbert Wakefield.

A Cold June. By Arthur Pinero. Duchess.

Twelfth Night. By Shakespeare. New.

Four Lectures on Shakespeare. By Ellen Terry.

I feel in regard to Sir Arthur Pinero's new piece absurdly like poor Flawner Bannal. Is it a satire, or just the "comedy" it calls itself? Its title "*A Cold June*," and its central character a girl named June who is cold and calculating and might, up to a point, be regarded as the author's disapprobative portrait of The Modern Girl. But then, how explain that streak of Edwardianism which manifests itself, not only in her use of such outmoded words as "sprightly," "*comme il faut*," and "it is" (where The Modern Girl would naturally say "it's"); but this may have been Miss Betty Stockfield's contribution to the characterisation, but also, intermittently, in her "correct" behaviour. It is no use trying to explain these things with the argument that Sir Arthur is no longer in his twenties. For a time I thought it was; more particularly in the scene where June informs Lord Linthorp, who was married as well as a rake, that it wouldn't be "*comme il faut*" for him to remain behind alone with her after her other guests had gone. But the anachronisms were evidently intentional; for when someone (I forget exactly who) told her she was "25 years behind the times," she calmly admitted it! And as no explanation was forthcoming from the author, I gave it up.

Unfortunately, without some implied satirical significance, the comedy is rather too thin and uneventful to be very entertaining. It starts off well enough—and would probably start off very well indeed, with more suitable players and a firmer production—in a lawyer's office; where we meet two middle-aged English gentlemen, Roland Twinn and Hugo Faulkner, who had both of them, some twenty years before, been intimate friends of The Beautiful Mrs. Culross (now deceased). Each has received a letter; and these letters, which are identical (and are read aloud many times too often for our patience), politely inform each of them that he is probably the father of her daughter June. The putative parents are requested to adopt the girl, who is now at a finishing-school. The next scene is the school. Roly and Hugo, who have hitherto been eager to avoid responsibility, now compete for the honour of it; for June, to look at, is a daughter of whom even an unmarried father might be proud. Having catechised them with regard to their respective incomes, she elects for the more wealthy Hugo and departs with him to Upper Grosvenor Street. The rest of the play is devoted to showing us, first Roly trying to tempt her away from Hugo with the offer of a villa on the Riviera; then Hugo trying to lure her back from Roly—though why either of them wanted the companionship of this detestable young female, was beyond my comprehension; and finally Lord Linthorp seducing her from both her fathers with a yacht which, I felt, must have been exceptionally well appointed if it reconciled her to a life of maritime sin with that (at least as Mr.

Douglas Burbridge portrayed him) excessively uninteresting and flaccid Earl.

I have already hinted that the actors in this comedy were not too happily chosen. I must except Mr. Hugh Wakefield, who was thoroughly "at home" as Roly and frequently very amusing. But that excellent actor, Mr. Charles Carson, requires something more robust to be at his best than the amiable humours of drawing-room comedy. As for Miss Stockfield, though there was evidence of care and intelligence in her performance, her June was never really flesh-and-blood, possibly because here coldness was too consistently the iciness of Edwardian respectability rather than the chilliness of contemporary selfishness. Mr. C. M. Lowne's production was at times quite painfully slow.

I remarked last week that there is a very lovely presentation of "*Twelfth Night*" at the New Theatre. The scenery, by Miss Molly McArthur and the costumes, designed by Mr. J. Gower Parks, are in black-and-white; and this unfamiliar setting, which is also very beautiful, gives a welcome freshness to an almost too familiar play. And beauty is the peculiar virtue of the performance. Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry plays Olivia with a finely calculated blending of intelligence and poetry, in which, most rightly, poetry is allowed the upper hand. This is a magnificent performance and the dominating feature of the production. The Viola of Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson is much less gay and perky than the usual Viola; and this again is surely right. In her shrewd and delightful "*Lectures on Shakespeare*," Ellen Terry numbers Viola among the "pathetic" heroines, and contrasts her with Rosalind and Beatrice. "Could either of them," she aptly asks, "have resisted a jest at the unfortunate Orsino's mad passion?" There is pathos in this Viola of Miss Forbes-Robertson, the pathos of immaturity in the midst of a grown-up, worldly-wise society; the result is charming—though a robust impudence would improve her scenes with Olivia. As Orsino, Mr. Cecil Ramage spoke his lovely lines (through a disgraceful rattle of tea-cups; the occasion was a matinee) with a quiet dignity and a full appreciation of their music, and gallantly managed to appear enchanted by the not very pleasing vocal efforts of Mr. John Laurie as Feste. The farcical-comedy scenes were sadly unamusing. Having seen the incomparable Malvolio of the late Herbert Waring, I shall probably never feel completely satisfied with any other; but I do not think that Mr. Arthur Wontner was an altogether happy choice. Mr. Robert Atkins, as Sir Toby, seemed unaccountably flat, was continually "treading" on Sir Andrew's lines (Mr. Norman Forbes was a good conventional Aguecheek, but much too frail to survive such treatment), and postponed the ending of carouse-scene with some of the most tedious and unspontaneous "business" I have ever sat through. That Miss Clare Harris, as Maria, managed to keep up her robust high-spirits, instead of bursting into tears of boredom, was greatly to her credit. However, the excellencies of the production far outshine the faults; and no discriminating theatre-goer should fail to see it.

FILMS

By MARK FORREST.

M. Directed by Fritz Lang. Cambridge Theatre.
Melody of Life. Directed by Gregory La Cava.
The Tivoli.

Vanity Fair. Directed by Chester M. Franklin.
The Capitol.

THE Cambridge theatre reopened on Sunday as a cinema with the same policy as that pursued so successfully by the management of the Academy. The long runs of "*Kameradschaft*" and "*Mädchen in Uniform*" at the latter house show that there is an audience for the best continental pictures, and there should be room for both places. In selecting Mr. Lang's latest picture, "*M*," to inaugurate the venture, the directors have made an interesting choice. Mr. Lang's work is always arresting; his "*Destiny*," "*Doctor Mabuse*" and "*Metropolis*" were films which caught and held the imagination, and "*M*" will do no less. The trouble with Mr. Lang is that he approaches his theme in an aloof manner so that he does not thrill his audience, though he cannot help fascinating them with his décors, his wealth of detail, and his love of form.

"*M*" suffers, but, I think, to a less degree, from Mr. Lang's usual weakness. The picture is founded upon the recent terrible series of murders which were perpetrated by a lunatic in Düsseldorf. Not a very savoury subject, but the director has managed to present it in such a way that the revolting aspects of the story do not vitiate the film; in fact, they hardly obtrude themselves at all. There are two sequences when one is brought up against the horrible nature of the idea, but generally his detail swamps his drama.

The action is further retarded because the version shown is not the original, but one which has been "dubbed" into English. The camera work of Mr. Wagner is superb, and the performance of Peter Lorre, as the wretch who cannot control his mania, is a fine and masterly study.

After seeing "*M*" the other newcomers appear to be shadows indeed; nevertheless, "*Melody of Life*," which replaces "*The Lost Squadron*" at the Tivoli, is an excellent piece of work which should prove a popular success. Those who like Jewish humour and Jewish pathos should find this picture very much to their taste. There is sincerity in the direction, and some good straightforward acting by two players who have made reputations for themselves in the theatre.

"*Vanity Fair*," which comes to the Capitol on Sunday, is described as "a modernisation of W. M. Thackeray's famous classic," and it suffers from all the drawbacks which are likely to attend such a venture. Taken out of its environment, the characterisation of Becky Sharp and Amelia goes for nothing, and neither Myrna Loy nor Barbara Kent lend any distinction or subtlety to the parts. The slow pace of the direction and the unconvincing translation of the story further impoverish the entertainment.

CORRESPONDENCE

The League as Magistrate

SIR,—In a general way, I do not approve of rejoinders, but, regarding Mr. W. Horsfall Carter as in substance an ally, may I add a short note of explanation? My reason for preferring informal understanding to formal convention in organizing common defence against aggression is purely practical. Formal settlement of national quotas would be a lengthy business at best, and in its inception would be exposed to all the perils on which the Geneva Protocol was wrecked, if not more: whereas the way of friendly understanding, if opened by the action of the British Empire and one or two other great Powers, appears to me quite practicable. I do not say it would be very short or easy. Few things really worth doing are.

Moreover, the greed of militarist aggressors on the one hand, the timidity of half-hearted defenders of the peace on the other, would not be more effectively restrained or reinforced by legal than by purely honourable obligation. Ample demonstration of this may be found in events within living memory, some of them long before the Great War.

FREDERICK POLLOCK.

21, Hyde Park Place, W.2.

Queen Victoria's Letters

SIR,—In his very interesting review of the last volume of Queen Victoria's Letters, your reviewer suggests that the Queen may perhaps have made use of the telephone and motor-car, as both were "practical after 1895."

The late Lord Montague of Beaulieu, I believe, drove King Edward VII, at that time Prince of Wales, in an automobile for the first time, towards the end of the century; but I should be surprised to hear that the Queen herself tried the new mode of locomotion; the point could no doubt be easily settled.

Telephones, however, were certainly installed in private houses some years before, though I doubt if they were at that time introduced at either Windsor or Buckingham Palace. The following entry appears in Mrs. Drew's Diary on December 1st, 1880: "The great event (at Hawarden) now is the telephone between the Castle and the Rectory, and we talk as if in one house. Great fun." Some little time after this, when I was staying in Hawarden and taking charge of a district church there, one of the curates told me that when the telephone had just been fixed, the Rector, having "rung up" Mrs. Gladstone, told him to listen, and see if he could hear what she said. He heard her voice very clearly, but not being prepared, was rather surprised at what she said: "I've just had an invitation to Windsor for next week; isn't it a bore?" then, after a moment's pause, "Do you think my blue gown will do?" Mrs. Gladstone, of course, thought that she was speaking to her son, but the curate was so embarrassed that instead of explaining, he abruptly brought the conversation to an end!

Eastbourne.

WALTER CRICK.

De Vere and Shakespeare

SIR,—May I thank you for the just and impartial notice of "The Life Story of Edward de Vere as 'William Shakespeare'"—adjectives not always applicable to press comment upon work so unorthodox—and beg leave, at the same time, to correct a mistake made by your reviewer, in opining that, because I have not mentioned, I am therefore ignorant of the literary sources of "The Merchant of Venice." Upon p. VII of my Foreword I expressly noted my intention generally to omit such references, since they are familiar to most readers.

Moreover, the fact of Shakespeare's adherence, however close, to his literary sources, rarely or never precludes topical import; because, as even orthodox Professors will admit, it was a characteristic trick of Elizabethan dramatists, and especially of "Shakespeare"—a device known to contemporary audiences—to take some already well-known tale or legend, to which the circumstances of the projected play were analogous, and then most cunningly to weave into it their topical allusions.

PERCY ALLEN.

Egoism or Egotism

SIR,—I find it difficult to follow Dr. Graham Howe's suggestion that Egoism is good, but Egotism is evil.

The standard authorities are definitely against him. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* says that the two words are interchangeable; the *New Century Dictionary* agrees, with the addition that the *t* is only inserted to avoid a hiatus. Skeat (*Etymology*) points out that *egoist* is the right form, and states that *egotist* is imitated from words like *dramatist*, but does not suggest that there is the slightest difference in the meaning.

The *New English Dictionary* alleges, on the authority of Addison, that the word *egotist* was invented by some of the Port Royalists as a rhetorical term; Larousse, on the contrary, knows nothing of this French origin, but regards it as "une qualification par laquelle les Anglais désignent l'amour de soi considéré comme un droit de l'homme."

In none of these cases is any ethical difference implied between *egoist* and *egotist*.

PHILOLOGIST.

Navy or Air Force?

SIR,—Major Oliver Stewart in the argument of your last week's issue writes of the importance of mobility and efficiency in the defence of our scattered Empire, and that "in Cyprus during the disturbances in October, the Royal Air Force divided the work with the Infantry." But it may well be mentioned that four ships of the Royal Navy arrived at Cyprus from Crete, 480 miles distant, before the aeroplanes from Cairo, 330 miles away.

The aeroplanes brought 150 men only, the ships landed hundreds of men, heavy guns and a complete base of supplies.

"NEON."

NEW NOVELS

A Wife and Child, by Eleanor Reid. Benn. 7s. 6d.

Public Affaires, by Barbara Worsley-Gough. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

The Gilded Halo, by Cosmo Hamilton. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

Royal Flush, by Margaret Irwin. Chatto & Windus. 8s. 6d.

Cosmo Furland married his cook, and after Cosmo's death his widow and her baby son (Cosmo left them quite destitute) came to live with the Furlands. The Furlands didn't want Winnie, at least the daughters and daughter-in-law didn't, but they were Furlandish enough to know that Cosmo's son had to have-his-chance-in-life, for even if Winnie was a cook, and common and underbred with an impossible family, the baby was Cosmo's son and a Furland. So Winnie arrived, and was divided up between the two sisters Furland and the daughter-in-law Furland, who were all taking it in turn to keep Cosmo's wife and son.

Miss Eleanor Reid has made a very great deal out of comparatively very little; she has seen through the looking glass of every character, and by turns and twists has seen to it that we look with her. Winnie was a cook, thought like a cook, looked like a cook (a handsome one) but loved her baby with every ounce of her. The Furlands were Furlands, thought like Furlands, behaved like Furlands, and wanted to take Cosmo's son away from Winnie. My sympathies were certainly more often with Winnie, but there were times when I definitely sympathised with the Furlands. It must be very annoying when you come home to tea, bringing Lady Malpress with you, to find your cook-sister-in-law entertaining her chamber-maid cousin. I think what I most enjoyed about the story was the extreme clarity of the characters. There were no half-tones or hesitations, but each character was outlined in black and, towards the end, one knew with certainty how they would all react.

A surfeit of praise is worse than no praise at all, and exaggerated defence only adds strength to the attack; read sentimental eulogies on the goodness, the generosity and the staunchness of the Modern Generation, and one's immediate inclination is to damn them into the nastiest torment of the imagination. But Miss Worsley-Gough has a far better way of defending her generation. Does she deny their "goings on," or try to mitigate the laxity of their morals? On the contrary, she has taken a set of people whose morals (one hopes) were about as bad as they could be; she takes this set and exaggerates (one hopes) their escapades until there is really very little that you don't know about the Modern Young Thing. Then she brings in her contrast, and Miss Peggy Craven makes her appearance. Now Peggy is all that a sweet young girl should be; brought up by Lady Craven, she knew When To Stop, could steer a conversation away from perilous subjects, and could avoid frivolous references to parsons, poli-

tics, and sex. So Peggy enters the picture as a contrast to Myrtle and Venetia. Now Myrtle left her husband and her house party to run away with Martin Test, changed her mind in London, and ran away with Nigel Doom-Yates instead. Venetia didn't run away with anybody, but she Used Young Men, or rather their cars, and whenever Venetia left town (or a country house, it doesn't really matter where she left) she left an arid desert of broken hearts behind her. Myrtle and Venetia may have been immoral young women and their friends worse, but how I longed for them and their airy conversation, to the exclusion and hurried exit of Miss Peggy Craven and her smug friend Peter. Peter, by the way, was the husband that Myrtle left behind her. A most amusing satire on the morals and behaviour of the twentieth century, and the dialogue is extremely clever.

The Gilded Halo is not successful. It is also out, primarily, to confound the present day, its people, and its behaviour. I read on and on and on and never gave up hope that the plot, or at any rate, some semblance of a plot, would emerge from a wealth of dull facts about dull people, until suddenly the tale was at an end—without a plot.

Cosmo Hamilton has merely succeeded in writing the sort of book that finishes before it has started. Lady Berkshire disappears in the first chapter and leaves her family and her house party (not for the same reason as Myrtle did in the last book) in a state bordering on hysteria, because they knew she was their benefactress and that she had always paid up their debts and obligations, so Why had she gone and Who would pay their bills? The rest of the novel, until Lady Berkshire is found floating, face uppermost, in the bathing pool, apparently because her lover was dead and she didn't see why she should be a benefactress and pay debts and obligations for the family and all their friends, describes in a disjointed fashion how many times she had helped them, and what a set of unmitigated rotters they all were—all except the daughter, who was entirely devoid of character (or so it seemed to me) and who always had to have her wrist held by her young man whenever she was perplexed or unhappy. Perhaps this doesn't perplex you, but I must confess that wrist-holding, as the salient point of a heroine's character, entirely mystified me.

Miss Irwin is to be congratulated on her historical novel, "Royal Flush." It is not fiction in the true sense, for only the conversations are the inventions of Miss Irwin's brain. For the rest, the real characters, Charles II and his sister Minette, Duchess of Orleans, and their cousin Louis XIV, step across her page as the men and women who lived in their century, with little or nothing added by way of a plot.

She takes us right into the royal homes, we see the two queens, the English and the French, as two touchy, rather irritable old women, and the princess and the princes as very ordinary, though rather unhappy, children. A very happy experiment, this reconstruction of real history with real conversations. Perhaps Miss Irwin will take other periods of history and delight us with other books.

REVIEWS

A MODERNIST WHO FAILED

Father Tyrrell and the Modernist Movement. By J. Lewis May. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d. net.

SOMEbody once said that the Church of England was not big enough for Newman, but exactly the right size for Keble; and similarly one feels that Mr. May was not big enough for the Life of Newman which he produced two years ago, but that he is exactly the right size for Father Tyrrell. In the former case he tried hard, but demonstrably fell short of understanding the subtlety, the complexity, the combined yet contrasted strength of intellect and weakness of will that made John Henry Newman the enigma of two Churches. In the latter he has found as subject a lesser man who, because he died a failure, can be treated by the orthodox biographer with sympathy and impartiality; and it is probable that this book will eventually be accepted as almost the final estimate of a brilliant but unhappy spirit who was broken—or who broke himself—on the spinning-wheel of life.

Mr. May does not, it is true, give us many excerpts from the writings with which Tyrrell scandalised his fellow-Jesuits and eventually the whole Roman Church—the book is presumably written for pious Catholics, and rather too much from the absurd *Semper eadem* angle to be convincing in every respect—but one quotation which he does give from Tyrrell is really enough. If the quotation is representative, and Tyrrell meant what he said, then he must have doubted the major and indeed the central doctrine of Christianity. But in that case it is not so much a question whether Tyrrell was a sound Catholic as whether he was a Christian at all; and in that case again his Church appears to have treated him with the maximum rather than the minimum of charity and courtesy. The Primitive Methodists or the Presbyterians might easily have been less patient with a rebel.

The truth, according to Mr. May, seems to be that Tyrrell was not so much a Modernist or reformer from within as a natural nonconformist of that strange and difficult type which is never happy unless it is in revolt against its own side. There was something of this in Gladstone, who as a Tory was not without Liberal leanings, but who, when he became a Liberal, sometimes horrified the Radicals by his implied conservatism. Gladstone was a far greater man than Tyrrell, and he led his side successfully, but the comparison will serve; for so long as Tyrrell was a Protestant he was powerfully attracted by Catholicism, but as soon as he was converted to Rome he began to doubt the soundness of the Catholic position. Being a Jesuit, the type of teaching he disliked the most was naturally that of the Jesuit school, but this was no mere coincidence. Had he been an active Dominican, he would have wanted to be a cloistered contemplative, but had chance or choice made him a silent Trappist, nothing would

then have satisfied him but permission to preach in a different pulpit every Sunday.

Is this a fair picture or a caricature of an able but unhappy soul, who found no firm foothold of principle in life, and who died at last half-within and half-without the Church of his choice? At least it seems to be a fair picture; for Mr. May is able to point out that Tyrrell's father was of similar cross-grained mind, a man of strong character and some (but not first-class) ability who could never support his own side, who lived unhappily at home, and who was one of life's misfits in Dublin journalism. The son was a bigger man, who played his part on a larger stage, but for that very reason he was in some respects a greater failure. No doubt the Fundamentalist position which Roman theology was then taking up against the Catholic Modernists was immediately vulnerable and ultimately untenable. But for reasons of discipline it was only vulnerable from without, and even then only by men whose minds were essentially constructive. It was a moral weakness in Tyrrell's position that he remained within an order which demands the full loyalty that he was constitutionally incapable of giving to any cause, but the fatal defect was that his mind was merely critical and destructive. He failed to realise that while faith (whether true or not) can move mountains, the lack of faith cannot even move a molehill.

A. WYATT TILBY.

MID-VICTORIAN

The Eighteen Sixties. Essays edited by John Drinkwater. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.

THIS volume would be better named Literature in the Eighteen Sixties by modern literateurs, for the only exception is an account of the Science of the period by Sir Oliver Lodge. Conscientiously done, they show that Time is a marvellous sifter and knows whom to forget. Sir Henry Taylor is presented by Lascelles Abercrombie and Clough by Humbert Wolfe representing historical drama and philosophical poetry both run dry. The reader is left marvelling at their resuscitators. Is it possible for more than three poems of Clough, including the biting Decalogue, to survive? Is there enough to point to "a dark splendour, which was stamped with the hall mark of passion, clean hatred, and a sense of withering distaste for shame as burning as Swift's"? Mr. Wolfe has ransacked contemporary opinion, and in view of Clough's results it seems better that he should remain in the act of stirring their astonished expectations. He could not decide for Pusey or for Newman, and perished in consequence under "the Arnold constriction." He resigned his Fellowship and the prospect of Holy Orders, it was thought to escape God, but really to escape his old schoolmaster.

Walter de la Mare gives us the Early Novels of Wilkie Collins, whose love of laudanum places him in the company of Quincey and Francis Thompson. The apostrophes to the drug are interesting when quoted, but who can say how far

it ever effected his novels? Mr. Granville Barker has dug up an enormous and spicy selection of the mid-Victorian Comedy, which, with its glib punning, seems too melancholy for words. But out of the chaos stepped the clean-cutting Gilbert. Mr. Graves summarises *Punch* in the Sixties and Mr. Boas the Historians. Macaulay had died a few days before the opening of the Decade and the era of Stubbs had dawned. The two most striking articles follow: John Drinkwater on Aeneas Sweetland Dallas and Sir John Fortescue on George Whyte Melville. It is apparently the first word ever raised about Dallas and certainly the last on both. Dallas was a very fine critic and the quotations from his *Gay Science* come with astonishing force and novelty. Sir John's Essay is a splendid Christmas Carol to the good old days of the Squire and the saddle. The contrast between Surtees and Whyte Melville is well made. The plea for old-fashioned days reads as temptingly as any poster that trembling hands have ever raised out of the past. We regret all that Sir John laments, but we are glad we do not have to go to Selfridges for a "bostrokizon," without which whiskers could not be curled! SHANE LESLIE.

WARREN OF MAGDALEN

Herbert Warren of Magdalen: President and Friend, 1853-1930. By Laurie Magnus. Murray. 12s.

IT is good of you to write so fully. I could not say one half or tenth of what I would have said. I am indeed most grateful for the warm and too generous appreciation of the whole body of Magdalen men: the rank and file: the average Magdalen man; tho' they none of them appear to me that. They all appear to me important, and, if they will allow it, dear you in particular were never average. You always had unusual and distinct, even distinguished, gifts."

This extract from a letter dated July 11th, 1927, to a man, who in the early eighties had been a cause of embarrassment rather than of credit to the College, well expresses the nature of the appeal that Herbert Warren made to the imagination and affections of the generations of Magdalen men, who passed under his influence.

Mr. Magnus does well to stress with emphasis the amazing changes wrought by this brilliant young layman upon the atmosphere, aims and conduct of the College. Few of us now remain, who can remember the "benign" (Blessed word! so apt in its significance!) rule of Dr. Bulley and the dear old "scholars and gentlemen," who assisted(?) him to control a community, already beginning to produce uncomfortable crops of "eccentrics," such as alarmed and unnerved them very considerably. Magdalen—it may be remembered—was the earliest "nest" of the young Æsthetic Movement; and but for the restraining influence and sound common sense of the few younger Fellows—of whom Warren was fortunately one—the prestige of the College might have suffered severely from the mishandling of situations, to which the older types were incapable of adapting themselves. Those of us, who still

survive from those strange old days, may therefore give unqualified thanks for the fortunate choice of Herbert Warren to "take up the reins of the Coach" from the kindly, but wholly out-of-date, hands, from which they had fallen.

But it may be noted that Warren was no iconoclast, no ruthless destroyer of all that had gone before. He was a man of infinite resource and unlimited patience: and one of the great secrets of his success was his gentle but persistent power of persuasion. A great gift, and one which was strengthened by the absolute confidence that he inspired in all sorts and conditions of persons, and on all sorts of occasions. His aims were high, but his approach to them was always instinct with such absolute sincerity and transparent openness in his actions that he disarmed opposition and allayed suspicion. Whatever foibles may have been attributed to him, no one ever charged him with chicanery or trickery. He sought no honours for himself, but such well-deserved ones as came to him, he held in trust for the College, the University or the State. The records of the services rendered by him in all these walks of life—including also his poetic and literary activities—as set forth by Mr. Magnus are bewildering in their number and variety; and it can have been no easy task for that gentleman to arrange them in proper focus with the background of Magdalen itself, which to him and to all Magdalen men naturally must loom largest in any picture of the "Pre."

It is perhaps not unworthy of mention in connection with his friendship with Dr. Albert Mansbridge, that Magdalen is the only College in either University that has supported—and still supports that most promising offspring of Dr. Mansbridge's active brain—the National Central Library:—a scheme long overdue, which is already, and must be still more hereafter, one of profoundest importance in the advancement of true education and sound learning.

ROBERT CUST.

A POLITICAL MEDLEY

The Capital Question of China. By Lionel Curtis. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

Nationalism and Imperialism in the Hither East. By Hans Kohn. Routledge. 15s.

The Looting of Nicaragua. By R. de Nogales. Wright. 15s.

MR. CURTIS is scrupulously impartial in his presentation of the facts in the tangled Chinese problem. Sir Robert Hart deserves a bigger notice, but the old Empress is well treated. Her instinct was at times preternatural. As a fact-finding work, this book justifies its authorship and is a credit to the Royal Institute of International Affairs at Chatham House.

It is towards the end that most controversy will be aroused. Mr. Curtis relies over-much on Geneva: it is a broken reed. As Morley said of the inception of the League of Nations, "I put my trust not in paper constitutions, but in Ministers bent on peace." Mr. Curtis argues for an Ambassador at Nanking, a well reasoned plea.

He is on weaker ground in asking for Hong-kong's governorship to be subordinated to the (new) Ambassador's dictation; and he shows no conception of Singapore's new place in our commerce since 1920.

Mr. Köhn opens with a precise account, useful to all strategists and imperial students, of the rail, road and air routes passing through the Levant: he continues with a statement, which is clearly radical in conception, of the new inter-class and social relationships created by the aftermath of War: and he then proceeds to a description in turn of each of the political struggles in these leading states. The author, like so many pre-War Germans, sees in every act of a British politician a Machiavellian design to ruin our supposed enemies.

The followers of our latest moves in international politics might read this work with profit, if only to understand French Syria and the newly projected alliance with Palestine. Dr. Köhn is hardly fair to the Plumer régime: it was not mere strategical necessity but political wisdom that called a halt to increased self-government.

One word should be said to amplify the author's version of Lloydism in Cairo. It was Belgian, French, and notably Italian protests against surrender of the Capitulations, or restriction even of them, in 1930 by Mr. Arthur Henderson that caused a collapse of the Wafd-Henderson negotiations for full self-government. That is the blunt truth.

General de Nogales is a Venezuelan, intensely patriotic, and a man of action. He sees what Wall Street finance has admittedly done. It likes physical possession, first a loan, then the U.S. Marine Corps, lastly acquisition. American conduct in Nicaragua is "economic aggression involving political dictatorship" (Senator Henrik Shipstead of U.S.A.). So the gallant author, with no mean courage, sets out to enlighten Methodist America, being a Catholic, of Jesuit evils, and as a business man of Wall Street finance. To that end he denounces as puppets, with some show of reality, the many Nicaraguan politicians he dislikes. And since this volume is for British hands, he shrewdly abuses America only. The book consists of an account of his visit in 1927, of his wanderings and views, filled in with extracts from various official and influential sources.

What, however, de Nogales fails to see is that educated white opinion, American or English, while disliking tyranny and injustice, has learnt to abominate native corruption. But it is fruitless to talk as he does of a Latin-America "bloc" of 80,000,000 persons versus America, until Latin-America can govern itself. The author is bitter with Wall Street, whose unlovely methods are advertised all over Central America. But his is a bold assumption that, left to itself, Nicaragua would to-day be further advanced. The cool English mind, critical and filled with a historical sense of Empire, will hardly be swayed, still less convinced, by page after page of personal assertion masquerading as a judicial analysis.

PURPOSE DISCOUNTED

The Limits of Purpose, by J. L. Stocks. Benn. 12s. 6d.

PROFESSOR Stocks takes the view that the notion of purpose "has been too readily accepted as characteristic of the higher human activities generally, and of morality in particular."

The reader, on perusing these words in the Preface, will surmise that he is in for another proclamation of the gospel that conscious purpose must always be subordinated to unconscious instinct. But those who look here for Freudian doctrine will be disappointed. That purpose has its lower limits is only too true, since certain levels of human life lie below conscious purpose. We digest our dinners, under favourable circumstances, without what the Catholics would term an "intention." We do it, in a word, automatically.

Professor Stocks, however, is not thinking of these lower levels of purpose, but of the higher ones. There is, according to him, a region *above* conscious purpose, just as certainly as there is a region *below* it. "As soon as purpose is precisely defined it becomes clear that it accounts for none of the higher human activities; that, on the contrary, the very existence of art, of morality, of religion, of genuine thought and knowledge, depends on the ability of man to rise above the level of purpose."

Professor Stokes sets out to test his theory in the spheres of art and of morality, and shows how these two interests supplement and transform, without abolishing, the purposive attitude. Purpose, of course, is primarily "the concentration of effort on bringing about a certain result." Speech and writing are purposive instruments of communication; but the artist takes this medium and exploits its resources, delighting in his mastery over it. Thus art finds its opportunity in a purpose, and may even be regarded as a parasite upon purpose, so long as it is remembered that, unlike most parasites, instead of stifling and killing its host, it brings to it the complement which it needs. "Art glorifies the means, brings them to life, and thereby also makes the expenditure of energy self-justifying."

In the case of morality a similar analysis holds good. Morality operates, as art does, by giving significance to detail which without it is insignificant. And it does this by setting a differential value on features which *to purpose were indifferent or equal in value*. Purpose is only interested in the delivery of the goods, but morality is interested in means and not only in results. "At a certain point, without rhyme or reason, it makes a man see a barrier which he cannot pass." Where morality differs from art is that whereas art remains preoccupied with external processes, morality takes account of mind and will, operating within them.

Professor Stock's views are a useful antidote to crudely utilitarian views of art and morality, and this collection of essays (which touch many other important and interesting topics) will well repay study.

J. C. HARDWICK.



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CONDUCTED PAPER OF THE PROFESSION.—
The Hon. Mr. Justice McCardie.

INDIRECT TAXATION

Muscling In. By F. D. Pasley. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

MR. R. PASLEY, who a while ago wrote of Al. Capone's rise to greatness through violation of his country's liquor law, now tells how the "gangsters" have invaded legitimate business in the United States. Not content with beer and spirits, they have acquired interests in millinery, laundries, street cleaning, ice, artichokes, and so forth. The full list of enterprises into which they have "muscled" is as long as the Schedule to a Tariff Bill. In Chicago they are said to impose on industry a burden of two hundred million dollars in a year, while in New York the amount may be three times as much. Part only of the sum can be reckoned blackmail, for the gangs are often actually invited into partnership. In labour disputes, both sides seek their services. The combines use them to harass the private trader, and the latter, if he has enough cash to offer, hires a rival band of gunmen.

When these brigands wanted to tax the beauty parlours of one city, they extorted the money by placing smoke bombs on the window sills of establishments which did not pay quickly. Having decided to control the Chicago teamsters' union, they trained machine guns on the next meeting of its members. Such incidents are the stuff of "crook" drama, but, as Mr. Pasley shows, the grave matter is that responsible organisations and individuals invoke the aid of the new *condottieri*, because however expensive it may be, it is far more efficient than any provided by the law. Until America has a reliable police force for protection of life and property, the gang leaders will be able to levy their monstrous safeguarding duties.

D.W.

Germany—Fascist or Soviet? By H. R. Knickerbocker. The Bodley Head, 8s. 6d. net.

LAST winter Mr. Knickerbocker went to Germany to investigate the actual conditions of the country. He travelled extensively, visiting not only Berlin and Hamburg but also many industrial centres and remote villages. He attended Nazi and Communist meetings, mixed with rich and poor, and finally interviewed Spengler and Hitler. He has written a most readable book, which gives a vivid and convincing picture of Germany during the present crisis. He is a careful and accurate investigator with a knack of making figures and technical details interesting.

The country is now divided into bitterly opposing parties organised on military lines. Conflicts take place daily, and last year caused 182 fatal casualties. Yet all parties are agreed in their hatred of the Treaty of Versailles and are determined to pay no more Reparations. At the moment payment would be impossible. But the author believes that when a world revival arrives, Germany, with her great factories fitted with the latest machinery and her brilliant technicians to man them, is in a better position to make a rapid recovery than any country in Europe. For

example, the great Leuna chemical works could produce nearly a million tons of nitrates a year, and has a new process of extracting motor fuel from coal and of cracking crude oil, which it is claimed could supply all the needs of Germany. But while reparations remain uncanceled, threatening to seize surplus production, there will neither be the will nor the effort to recover.

At present the country, with its six million unemployed and sixteen million people on the verge of starvation, is drifting more rapidly to Hitlerism than to Communism. The younger generation has faith in the forceful creed of the Nazi, which promises to defy France and takes upon itself the popular role of voicing all grievances. But Mr. Knickerbocker fears that if Hitler is returned to power, the disillusionment may be so great that many of his followers will swing to Communism.

This is a book which should be in the possession of all students of international affairs. C.J.

The Lost Continent of Mu. By James Churchward. Rider. 15s.

THE legend of Atlantis, if it were discovered to be founded upon fact, would bring confusion rather than order into the annals of anthropology. The discovery of a lost continent, or archipelago, of great and small islands, in the Pacific, would be useful as an explanation of the strangely scattered cultures of the Polynesian peoples, and of the ancient cultures of Central and South America. The apparent necessity of such an explanation long ago led Dr. Macmillan Brown to the suggestion that there must have been such an archipelago from which these cultures of the Pacific radiated.

Now comes Mr. Churchward with the assurance that there was such a continent, and that he has gathered conclusive evidence of the fact. He knows its name, Mu; and he assures us that its civilisation was far in advance of our own, that it ante-dated the civilisations of Mesopotamia and Egypt, by many milleniums, and that so far from culture spreading across the Pacific to the western coasts of America, as our diffusionists would have it, it was colonists from the Pacific continent of Mu who spread civilisation East to America and West to India, hither Asia and Egypt. Nor is this all. Mr. Churchward holds, again on what he believes to be scientific evidence, that this civilisation was flourishing 50,000 or more years ago, and that a buried city in Mexico, discovered by William Niven and described by him, dates far back into the Tertiary Era! It will be seen that it is no ordinary discovery that Mr. Churchward was made.

Revolutionary discoveries have been made before now; but their validity has been established by unimpeachable evidence, and it is the weakness of Mr. Churchward's theory that none of the evidence is sufficient for his purpose and that much of it is highly impeachable. For instance, the very starting point of the whole thing, the story of the discovery of clay tablets, with esoteric picture writing and hieratic script, in an Indian temple, the priest of which happened to be one

of two or three adepts in the pre-history of India, and so was able, with the help of a key, to translate them, is so vague that neither the when or where of the find is given. This, of course, must be due to carelessness. But considering the importance of a script in a dead and forgotten language, purporting to give the history of a long vanished civilisation, such carelessness is not lightly to be pardoned. Where is the temple in which the tablets were found, and in what language was the key that enabled their decipherment?

These are questions that should not have to be asked of Mr. Churchward. Then when he comes to the comparison of the message of the script with the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," and assures us that the dead are the dead of Mu, his reasons for such an assumption are cryptic and vague.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

LITERARY EDITOR'S REVIEW

The Indian Police, by J. C. Curry. Faber. 12s 6d.
Purdah, by Mrs. S. Das. Kegan-Paul. 10s. 6d. Two aspects of India in 1932.

The Growth of Political Thought in the West, by C. H. McIlwain. Macmillan. 16s.
The Making of Europe, 4th-11th Centuries A.D., by Christopher Dawson. Sheed and Ward. 15s. Scholarly and substantial.

The Nelson Collection at Lloyds, Edited by W. Dawson. Macmillan. 10s. *Simon van der Steel's Journal*, 1685-86. Dublin University Press. 25s. Heavy, of interest to admirers of Nelson and of the Dutch administrators.

The United Empire Loyalist (of Canada), by A. G. Bradley. Butterworth. 15s. Attractively written.

Finance and Politics, by Paul Einzig. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. Topical.

The Book of Fate. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.
The gipsy's warning!

Dramas of the Dock, by G. Logan. Stanley Paul. 5s. Murder tales re-told.

Garden of the East, by N. V. Thadaui. Bharat Press, Karachi. Omar and other Persian poets translated.

NOVELS

Nymph Errant, by James Laver. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Wasps, by Caradoc Evans. Hurst and Blackett. 7s. 6d.

When the Wicked Man, by Ford Madox Ford. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Come, Dreams are endless, by S. A. Knight. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Mary's Neck, by Booth Tarkington. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

English Comedy, by J. C. Moore. Dent. 7s. 6d.

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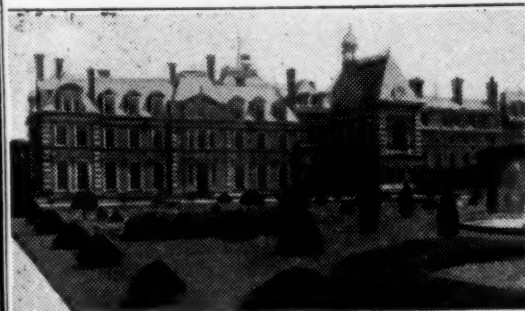
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CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday.

A good deal of speculation is rife as to the meaning of the resumption of gold purchases by the Bank of England, which began in the middle of May and are now becoming an almost daily occurrence. There are several alternative explanations of the Bank's action, but the most probable yet put forward seems to be that the purchase of gold is still the most satisfactory method open to the Bank for the acquisition of a call on foreign exchange. In any event, it provides solid evidence of the faith of the highest authorities in the future of the metal and confirms the view, widely held in the City, that, whatever the disadvantages accruing from mismanagement of the Gold Standard, the Standard itself is still superior to any alternative yet put forward for the regulation of currency and the settlement of trade balances.

Troubled Markets

Markets received a shock early in the week by the news of the failure of Messrs. Lewis Lazarus & Sons, the old-established firm of metal merchants and brokers. The firm in question was founded as long ago as 1820, and the heavy fall in the price of tin and copper is mainly responsible for the difficulties encountered. Another unsatisfactory feature has been the revolution in Chili, which has put a Socialist Dictatorship in the place of the Republic. Chilean Government bonds have been a nominal market for some time, and the latest development has given rise to much anxiety among investors regarding the future of the "Cosach" combine formed last year, and into which the leading nitrate companies (mainly British owned) were merged. The 7 per cent. Sterling Bonds of this combine were issued in London in May of last year at 96. They are now quoted around 25, and are quite nominal at the figure.

Railway Moratorium

An event of importance to a large number of British investors is the request by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company for a three-years moratorium on its junior debenture issues. Time was, and that not long since, when this railway was among the most prosperous in the Argentine. For some years prior to 1930 it paid dividends of 7 per cent. on its £10,000,000 of Ordinary capital, and at one time in 1929 the price of this stock touched 107½. It is now standing at under 9. While the company's traffic has seriously dwindled in the last few years, the direct cause of the present trouble is the loss on exchange. In

considering the directors' proposals, the stockholders concerned would do well to bear several points in mind. One is that the railway is well managed and will in course of time emerge from its present difficulties. Another is that the country, with its vast potentialities, will one day be prosperous again and will, as in times past, enjoy the confidence of capitalists the world over. Although, therefore, there is little in the immediate outlook to encourage new investors to the Argentine, those who are already interested in the country's enterprises—either railways or other utilities—will do well to see things through and not to throw their stocks overboard at their existing ruinous level of values.

Well-Secured Investment

With the further rise that has taken place in gilt-edged securities, it becomes increasingly difficult to find suitable channels for the safe investment of capital to yield anything like 5 per cent. or over. From a list supplied by a leading firm of Stock Exchange dealers, however, it would appear that there are still some well-secured investments available giving a quite satisfactory return consistent with "safety-first" principles. Among these may be mentioned the new 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of the Scottish Power Company. The price is 23s. 7½d., free of stamp, and the yield is thus £5 2s. per cent. The dividend is payable in February and August, the first payment, calculated on the amount paid up, being due on August 1st next. There is a good demand for the preference shares of electric supply undertakings owing to the stable nature of their revenue, and this company appears still to have scope for gradually increasing its profits over a period. On existing earnings, the dividend on these preference shares is covered four times.

Sound Debenture Stock

Of equal merit and giving a rather better return is the 5½ per cent. Debenture Stock of the Metropolitan Housing Corporation. The stock is obtainable at 103½, and, as this includes over four months' accrued interest, the yield works out at £5 8s. per cent., or £5 7s. 6d. per cent. allowing for redemption in 1965, the latest date. The recently issued report showed a further increase in profits, which amounted to a total of £116,481, against Debenture interest requirements of £40,829. The Corporation is interested principally in residential property suitable for the industrial classes. The Stock is secured by a first specific mortgage on all the existing properties of the company, and is redeemable at par not later than 1965 by means of a sinking fund of not less than 1 per cent. per annum.

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I AM preparing a study on Benjamin Franklin Bache (1769-1798) and am anxious to locate manuscript material relating to him. I should greatly appreciate hearing from anyone who knows of the whereabouts of such papers and should like, if possible, to make arrangements for securing photostatic copies of unpublished documents, or possibly purchase such as may be for sale. **Bernard Fay**, address care of Little, Brown & Co., Publishers, 34, Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or 18, Rue St. Guillaume, Paris, France.

Miscellaneous

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The "Saturday Review" Suggests This Week :

[We hope that this page will keep our readers in touch with the best of the Theatre, Film, and Wireless programmes. of the week.—ED.]

THEATRES

- Ambassadors'.** *The Price of Wisdom.* By Lionel Brown. Twice daily, 2.30 and 8.45. A new comedy with Irene Vanbrugh.
- Lyceum.** *The Miracle.* 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Pseudo-religious pageantry—frequently magnificent as a stage-spectacle
- Criterion.** *Musical Chairs.* By Ronald Mackenzie. 8.40. Tues. and Sat., 2.30. Intelligent comedy in the manner of "The Cherry Orchard."
- Playhouse.** *Doctor Pygmalion.* By Harrison Owen. 8.30. Wed. and Thurs., 2.30. Gladys Cooper, Ronald Squire, Edmund Breon, and other first-class fashionable actors in a very nearly first-class fashionable comedy.
- Palace.** *The Cat and the Fiddle.* By Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach. 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. That very rare thing, an intelligent musical comedy, excellently played.
- St. Martin's.** *Somebody Knows.* By John van Druten. 8.30. Tues. and Fri., 2.30. Deals, characteristically, with a murder case.
- New.** *Twelfth Night.* 8.30. Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. A new presentation of Shakespeare's most delightful comedy. (Reviewed this week.)
- Lyric.** *Dangerous Corner.* By J. B. Priestley. 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. An ingenious and interesting play, in which the true circumstances of a presumptive suicide are gradually discovered.
- Savoy.** Four Weeks' Season of Ballet by the Carmago Society. 8.45. Mats., June 11th and 14th, 2.30.

FILMS

- Carlton.** *The Man I Killed.* Directed by Mr. Lubitsch. Will be criticised next week.
- Academy.** *Mädchen in Uniform.* This German picture, which is brilliantly directed and acted, continues.
- Cambridge.** *M.* The latest picture from Mr. Lang. Criticised in this issue.
- Tivoli.** *Melody of Life.* Criticised in this issue.
- Tatler.** *Feathered Prey.* Bird life, filmed in Roumania.
- New Gallery.** *Rookery Nook.* Special revival of the film version of the Aldwych farce. Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn.
- Rialto.** *Il est Charmant.* Last week of this French musical comedy with Henry Garat. It will be followed by a German musical comedy, *Ronny*, with Willy Fritsch and Kathe von Nagy.

General Releases

The films to be released this week are of a poor quality; the best of a bad lot are:—

- Peach O' Reno.* Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, in their usual tomfoolery.
- The Passionate Plumber.* Buster Keaton.
- The Beloved Bachelor.* Paul Lukas in a Daddy Long Legs story.

BROADCASTING

The Foundations of Music will be devoted to Bach's Choral Preludes, played by Dr. W. G. Alcock from St. Margaret's, Westminster, at 6.30 p.m. each evening in the National programme. Dr. Alcock is one of the finest living organists, and these twenty minutes broadcasts will be far too short.

June 13th, 9.45 p.m. (Regional) and

June 16th, 10 p.m. (National). Mr. A. J. Alan will recount his Adventure at Chislehurst. No matter where his adventures take place, they are always unexpected—if you believe them.

There will be two broadcasts from Canterbury Cathedral by the B.B.C. Orchestra, conducted by Adrian Boult, one from the Cloisters, in the Regional programme at 8.30 p.m. on June 15th, and one from the Cathedral itself at 8 p.m. on June 16th, in the National programme. These are the first relays from the festival organised by the Friends of Canterbury

Cathedral, a society founded originally by Dr. Bell, the present Bishop of Chichester. They should provide the most interesting musical broadcasts of the week.

For the rest of the week the Children's Hour holds the fort. Dr. Adrian Boult conducts the B.B.C. Orchestra at 5 p.m. on June 13th: "Going South" (originally devised, arranged, produced, etc. in the Children's Hour) finds its way for the second time into the evening programme on June 14th at 9.20 p.m. (National), and June 16th at 8.15 p.m. (Regional); and the "Pink Pink Vase" (June 15th, 8 p.m., National, and June 17th, 9.15 p.m., Regional) is written by Marjorie J. Redman, a frequent contributor to the Children's Hour programmes, and at one time a member of the Children's Hour staff.

The impressive publicity given to "Waterloo" (National) June 18th, 8 p.m.) need not persuade anyone who has something better to do to remain at home.